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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

SERVICE

Fret not that the day is gone,
And thy task is still undone.
'Twas not thine, it seems at all:
Near to thee it chanced to fall.
Close enough to stir thy brain,
And to vex thy heart in vain.
Somewhere, in a nook forlorn,
Yesterday a babe was born:
He shall do thy waiting task;
All thy questions he shall ask,
And the answers will be given,
Whispered lightly out of heaven.
His shall be no stumbling feet,
Falling where they should be fleet;
He shall hold no broken clue;
Friends shall unto him be true;
Men shall love him; falsehood's aim
Shall not shatter his good name.
Day shall nerve his arm with light,
Slumber soothe him all the night;
Summer's peace and winter's storm
Help him all his will perform.
'Tis enough of joy for thee
His high service to foresee.

—Edward Rowland Sill.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1918 NUMBER 9

Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard? The everlasting God, Jehovah, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary; there is no searching of his understanding.

He giveth power to the faint; and to him that hath no might he increaseth strength.

Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall:

But they that wait for Jehovah shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.

—ISAIAH XL:28-31.

One of the satisfactions of printing a catalogue or list of any kind, is that of having it enlarged by the reminders or discoveries of friendly correspondents. The naming of anthologies appropriate for pulpit use, in a recent issue of UNITY, has brought prompt notice of omissions. Thus, Rev. William C. Gannett recalls the pamphlet series issued years ago by the Unity Publishing Company, giving excerpts from the writings of "Four Great Masters in Religion," namely, William Ellery Channing, Theodore Parker, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and James Martineau. Another colleague tells of the book issued in 1900 by Huber Newton, Gustav Gottheil and Thomas R. Slicer, called "A Book of Common Worship." "I find it," he writes, "a treasure of literary beauty." To this he adds also James de Normandie's "Beauty of Widsom." There must be still other books of similar character and value. If so, may not UNITY know of them? J. H. H.

How inexorable is the divine law! Today, as in every preceding age, there follows in the path of war, the plague. "The arrow that flieth by day" is pursued by "the pestilence that walketh in darkness." Not all our sanitary skill, not all the triumphs of modern medicine, have been able to prevent this horror. It would seem as though nature were determined to accept man at his own word, and coöperate in the fell business of universal destruction. Far and wide over the face of Europe spreads the blight of disease; and now, three thousand miles across the seas, here in our peaceful cities and quiet farms, our youth are seized with death. It is an awful visitation. But does it not suggest something of the basic truth of that old theological idea of the Wrath of God which for the sins of men smote innocent and guilty alike—the guilty, that they might be punished; the innocent, that they might save by the miracle of vicarious atonement, the family of man?

J. H. H.

We wonder if our time has produced any greater book than Felix Adler's "An Ethical Philosophy of Life"? This may not be destined to take rank among the supreme works of thought and life. It plainly reveals certain serious limitations in interpretation of the realities of human experience. Especially does it lack the authentic note of originality and fresh conviction. But as an example of spiritual autobiography, it is certainly comparable with some of the few great "confessions" of history. This book is not so much a "philosophy" as it is the story of the pilgrimage of a soul. It is not so much the thought as it is the thinker in which we are interested as we read. We are persuaded by argument, it is true; but more often are we touched by the personal note of sad sincerity and stern devotion. Dr. Adler has hitherto been inextricably identified with the Ethical Culture Society which he founded and has thus far led. Now he stands forth, in his own right, as an impressive figure in the thought-history of modern times.

J. H. H.

Were any vindication needed for the attitude of absolute non-compromise, the wisdom of standing unflinchingly by one's inmost convictions, whatever the immediate penalty may be, such vindication could be found in the present situation as regards Liebknecht in Germany. Refusing to bow the knee to Bael, though many of his comrades failed to stand with him, not conforming for one moment to the unrighteous descent into war of his country's rulers, Liebknecht, with a number of his followers, has been a political prisoner during these four bloody years. Meanwhile his name has rung round the earth as a symbol of courage and unfaltering integrity. At last the supreme crisis came to the German government. It was imperative that the new forces in control give to the people some guarantee of their good faith. They could find no stronger proof of their good intentions than the release of Liebknecht, the apostle of liberty and of peace. He has been given back his freedom. And what happens? The forces of liberty rally round him and he immediately returns to a position of leadership among the people of greater potency for freedom than any he could have purchased at the easy price of compromise and comformity outside prison walls. Judged even on the low plane of policy and expediency, compromise does not pay.

Q.

The new nature suddenly acquired by diplomacy has been nowhere more strikingly or satisfyingly displayed than in the recent incident of the personal note of Count Andrassy, the new Austrian Foreign Minister, to Secretary Lansing. Possibly it may be open to the same suspicion as surrounds one wing of the British peace movement, that it is the last effort of a discredited system to stem the tide of the revolution it has itself brought on. But Count Andrassy's letter has a ring of sincerity incompatible with such an attempt. It is the appeal of a *man* who, feeling the intolerable suffering of his people, brushes aside all the formal trappings of diplomatic usage, the conventional avenues of approach, and begs as one man to another for help for those who suffer. His letter to Secretary Lansing is well worth re-reading as the message of a manly foe. The comment of the daily press that it is a thing never before done in the history of diplomatic intercourse, but enhances its interest. The note says:

"Immediately after having taken direction of the ministry of foreign affairs and after the dispatch of the official answer to your note of Oct. 18, 1918, by which you were able to see that we accept all the points and principles laid down by President Wilson in his various declarations and are in complete accord with the efforts of President Wilson to prevent future wars and to create a league of nations, we have taken preparatory measures, in order that Austrians and Hungarians may be able, according to their own desire and without being in any way hindered, to make a decision as to their future organization, and to rule it.

"Since the accession to power of Emperor King Charles his immovable purpose has been to bring an end to the war. More than ever this is the desire of the sovereign of all the Austro-Hungarian peoples, who acknowledge that their future destiny can only be accomplished in a pacific world by being freed from all disturbances, privation and sorrows of war.

"This is why I address you directly, Mr. Secretary of State, praying that you will have the goodness to intervene with the President of the United States in order that in the interest of humanity, as in the interest of those who live in Austria-Hungary, an immediate armistice may be concluded on all fronts and for an overture that immediate negotiations for peace will follow."

Peace on Earth

At this moment much attention is being directed to the problems of peace, and the best methods for securing it. That peace is coming, and that not many months hence, seems now to be assured. Much depends on the manner in which it is established, and if the arrangements for it are such as to insure its permanence. By all means it is to be desired that it will not be of such a kind as to lead to the renewal of the war as soon as the belligerents have been able to recruit their fighting strength. Nothing could be more calamitous than such a peace, which would be nothing more than a prolonged armistice.

What we want is a peace that will be just to all parties, that will provide a league of nations to insure permanent loyalty of the nations to each other, and that will give the mass of the people, even the working classes in all nations, a genuine democratic and industrial recognition. Above all things a diplomatists' peace is not to be desired, with its secret treaties, and its fostering of all sorts of jealousies. It were better that the war should go on than that peace should be merely the prelude to a greater world struggle in the future. It were also better that it should go on than that it should ignore the interests of the producing classes, and what will guarantee to them stability of government and assured recognition of their rights, as well as a full provision for those industrial and economic opportunities which they demand as members of the fellowship of workers on whom the world's prosperity rests.

At the end of his preface to "In the Fourth Year," H. G. Wells writes of the conditions in England making for peace, and says: "It is incredible that neither the Roman Catholic Church, the English Episcopal Church nor any Nonconformist body made any effort as an organization to forward this essentially religious end of peace on earth." If this statement is true, it is not only incredible, but it is amazing. And yet, is it not directly in conformity with the general attitude of the church in all lands, that it has not in its organized forms helped to promote the interests of peace? It may be that it should not meddle in regard to military and political interests; but surely, it ought to represent what is ethical as between nations, and what will make for peace on earth. If it has not such a purpose, if it is impotent to promote such a great cause, let it cease to repeat phrases from the New Testament and from the lips of its founder which mean that peace and goodwill are above all things desirable for mankind. In so far as it thus betrays its own principles it has lost its force and its meaning.

Shall it be said today that all are crying Peace, peace! and that there is no peace because the body which is supposed to especially represent and to advocate peace on earth no longer stands for anything which is promotive of frendliness among nations, readiness to forgive and to forget, and willingness to foster all which binds up the wounds of peoples and fosters the healing of their discords.

We want honorable and lasting peace; and why should not every pulpit throughout the world ring out with that demand in clearest tones. If it does not, is it not because the preachers have lost their courage, their heroism, and their power of leadership? In case they are silent, and to the extent that they are silent, it will mean that they have lost their ethical strength, and that the guidance they assume to give us is no longer theirs.

G. W. C.

THE PULPIT

Growing Old

A Sermon Preached by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Before the Fourth Unitarian Church, Chicago, December 31, 1882. Reprinted from UNITY of January 6, 1883.

Then Abraham gave up the ghost, and died in a good old age, an old man, and full of years; and was gathered to his people.—GENESIS XXV:8.

Says Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Every one starts when first he hears himself seriously spoken of as 'the old man.'" Growing old brings that decay of the outward tenement, so graphically depicted by the writer of Ecclesiastes, than which I know of no more terse or more vigorous description of this condition in all the realm of literature, for growing old suggests the time which one may be tempted to speak of as the "evil days."

But this physical decreptitude is not the saddest thought of old age. Growing old suggests a time when the imagination droops, reason stumbles, and memory flags—a time when the mind loses its relish for thought, and the assimilative power of the soul depreciates. All this brings still sadder reflections of a state of helplessness, a condition of dependence, when the protection and nurture of others are indispensable. This is the old age that seems so undesirable, that prompts that prayer so often repeated in the vigor and prime of life: "I would not outlive my usefulness. I want to die in the harness." With all this in mind we can scarcely wonder that the primitive rudeness of savage life puts an end to the infirmities of the aged by sudden execution.

Yet there is an old age that reaches upward into strength, instead of toppling downward into imbecility. There is a growing old that comes like a benediction. There is an old age that suggests the serenity of the evening hour. Artists have successfully painted the sower, the harvester, but there is a subdued beauty, a mystic charm that settles down around the Indian summer of this thought-breeding climate of ours that is the despair of the painter. Difficult as it is to represent action on canvas, or in marble, it is not so difficult as to represent repose. The crowning glory of Raphael's genius is discovered in his later paintings, into which he has introduced—not action, not strife; but peace, quiet. The river frets and rushes, it wrestles with obstructing islands, pushes itself over intruding shoals, and tumbles down the cataract, but as it approaches the great ocean it grows calm, quiet, and at last loses all its haste, as it nestles in the bosom of the mighty deep. Thus it is with the River of Life. Time is the pilot, who, if rightly served, will steer the human bark through the giddy rapids, fretted with the thousand isles of youthful temptation, over the shoals of passion, the boiling torrents of dissipation, down the St. Lawrence of Life into the broadening gulf, and thence to the boundless ocean. Youth has its agitations, its passions that ebb and flow. If it brings tumultuous joy, so, also, does it bring tempestuous pain. Childhood has it severe trials, its many woes, its bitter tears. Every child born into the world is a restless spirit confined. Like a caged bird it batters its little wings against the wires. Childhood is helplessness without the grace of resignation, while old age is childhood with a memory—childhood with an experience. The sunset glow is as radiant, as marvelous as that of the sunrise, with something of the warmth of noonday still lingering in the air. Sunset is sunrise with the chill taken off. That is what old age may be; aye, it is what old age ought to be, and I am glad to affirm it is what old age *is*, in many instances. Daily we see gray hairs crowning our times with strength, as well as prefiguring imbecility. I have sat where wrinkled faces cast a halo of beauty across my path, such as never fell from the grace of maidenhood. I have seen old men leaning heavily upon their staffs, themselves a pillar of strength to the weak—the main stay of the community in which they lived. "A good old age" is the grand Bible phrase, applied to this condition. Plato, Angelo, Goethe and Von Humboldt each made noble contributions to the world in the eighth decade of their lives. In that old age we dread and deplore they were contributing treasures of perennial beauty to the storehouse of mankind. When are the "evil days" that the author of Ecclesiastes speaks of—the days "when thou shalt say, 'I have no pleasure in them,'" when we find a Newton in the eighty-fifth year of his age gathering those pebbles of knowledge on the beach of that infinite Sea of Truth; when we find a Lady Somerville and a Carolina Herschel in the latest years of long lives grappling with the profoundest problems of mathematics and astronomy, rivaling at once the manliest minds and the most womanly hearts of their times? "Evil days?" Shall we speak thus when we think of gentle Wordsworth, dying at eighty, still in the high noon of his poetical power; of our own John Adams, who delighted in company, kept up with the literature of his day, and carried his long sentences through without dropping a word (though compelled occasionally to rest for breath) in the ninetieth year of his age? As we think of these, let us use, rather, this other Bible phrase—"A good old age." The benedictions of greatest helpfulness that have come to us of this generation, have fallen—not from the jubilant beauty of early womanhood, or the confident strength of early manhood, but from our gray-haired seers—Bryant, prophet-editor; Emerson, whose youthful spirit ennobled gray hair, and with the failing strength of a withering body he enunciated the texts upon which poets and preachers for the next century will ring the changes. When we think of Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Lucretia Mott and Peter Cooper, we cease to dread old age. Not these alone, but the countless numbers who have no place on the printed roll of human fame, whose growing years have made them more beautiful, whose power grew with the enfeebling of the hand, help emphasize that beautiful expression of the text, "a good old age." The author of Ecclesiastes missed a truth that Swedenborg struck when he said that the "oldest angels are the youngest."

Here, then, are the two pictures of old age. Here an old age that is unhappy, querulous, vacant and imbecile. There is an old age, clear, strong in spirit, helpful, blessed. One sloping downward toward the grave, the other sloping upward into the fulness of perennial youth. Both pictures are from life. To reconcile them is to reconcile the fundamental paradox in philosophy. Is life the product of matter, or is matter the instrument of life? Toward one or the other of these two each one of us is inevitably tend-

ing. Which is it? One is growth, the other is decay. One ripens, the other rots. One protests perpetually against the materialistic philosophy, by rising superior to all the environments of matter; the other leaves us ever with a haunting doubt as to whether the mind of man is anything more than the scintillations of phosphorous—a fortunate combination of atoms. The "good old age" that the deathless ones attain to is a Bethlehem star that guides wise men to the transient manger wherein is found the Immortal Child, Son of the King Eternal. The "evil days" hint at lumpish clay, shaped by outward forces. Which are we?

Let us come to particulars and see if we cannot count a few of the conditions upon which this "good old age" is to be won:

I. *The Physical.* It will not do to ignore the physical. Any disrespect shown to the will of God, revealed in the laws of matter, is at our own peril. Beware how you mortgage your coming years to fleeting pleasures. There is no evading the high sheriff of God who in the shape of unbending and unrelenting physical laws will come when least expected, and foreclose the mortgage you will be unable to pay. He who denies no appetite, will, all too soon, have none to gratify. If we look for a "good old age," then, we must take care of our bodies.

II. *The Mental.* While a sound body is the *first* condition, it is far from being the *only one* necessary to a "good old age." They hopelessly mortgage their old age who take care of their bodies at the cost of their intellect. Ideas are just as necessary as bread to mature a man or woman. Brain labor is conducive to health, and the tables of longevity favor those who live most in the upper story. When the apple-tree ceases to make new wood, the yield in fruit begins to decline. You can not stand still. If you are not growing up, you must grow down. To cease to study is to begin to deteriorate. Old age can have but few attractions to one whose present interests are all centered in what is called "business." I have no quarrel with moneymakers. "Bless the dollars," I say, and say it reverently. I wish we had more of them. But woe to him who finds his life narrowing to any one rut of outward activities. It is a wise saying, that "every one needs an avocation as well as a vocation." If one would know or do one thing well he must know something about many things. He who is content with one idea will soon end by having none.

As I go up and down this country I meet no sadder sight than that of men whose bodies are still in good repair, men who have a comfortable bank account, trying to enjoy themselves, with no stock in ideas, no gold-bearing bonds payable at the bank of intelligence. Of course I mean no external standard of knowledge or culture. He who is hastening toward a "good old age" must simply realize that one is "never too old to learn."

III. *The Spiritual.* No one can grow old graciously and nobly without a kindly heart, for whatever else dies, love is immortal. Whatever else fades, duty is an evergreen. Bodily health, financial plenty, and a well stored intellect are all too cheap to be bought by the sacrifice of a single common-place duty. Give me the joy that is in store for the faithful.

If you would grow old nobly, court the enthusiasm of the moral nature, that you may know, by experience, the meaning of that word which no man can define for you—inspiration. I believe that it is desirable to round out the cycle of our earthly existence for not only our *three* score and ten, but, perchance, the *four* score and ten, and yet I would deliberately say that old age is not worth the buying, if selfish prudence must elbow out all the inspiration of disinterested love. Bemoan as we may premature death, yet give me rather, thirty beautiful years filled with the contagious magnetism that tells for good and beautiful things, than eighty years of calculating meanness.

"Lord, let me not live to be useless," prayed John Wesley, and a grand prayer it was. When we save life's energies to increase our usefulness, it is divine, but when we save them to prolong our days only, it is animalism. I, for one, am glad that Channing burned the oil out of his lamp at sixty-two rather than prolong the blaze by reducing the combustion, for what the time needed was a lamp of exceeding brightness. I am glad that Starr King threw himself with such abandon into that patriotic campaign in 1861, even though he had to lie down and die at the end of six months from the effects of it, for thereby he saved California to the Union. I, for one, will not repine that brave Theodore Parker was, as he said, willing "to keep his candle burning in the draught." Jesus might have lived longer had he evaded, apologized, or compromised, but it does not follow that he would have lived to better purpose. Only by devotion come the higher joy and the serener trust. Religion, after all, is not a thing to be proven. Its truths are beyond intellectual demonstration. They are things to be exemplified. God, immortality, heaven and the soul impaled upon our intellectual spears, at best are little more than lifeless abstractions. But from the mountain-tops of these loyalties they become living verities, and Religion flects and reflects the light of God, as the diamond does the light of the sun. Its consolations become the solid facts of experience.

How, then, shall we avoid the "evil days" and reach the "good old age"? I answer: Respect the body, culture the mind, enkindle the heart, and, above all, live grandly, indifferent to old age itself. Live in such a way that if old age be our lot, it must bear with it the benediction of peace; and if length of days be not ours, let our affairs be so ordered that, let the summons come when it may, our estates will be administered. Have we brains? Let the world profit by them *now.* Have we love? Give it *generously to-day.* Have we money? Invest it in such a way that others coming after us must needs work the better for our having lived. Let our years be but the scaffolding on which we rear the imperishable tower of character, into which we build the accumulated capital of life, on the top of which at last we stand, independent of all the material scaffolding of days, months, and years. Then our life goes not down behind a darkened west, but like the morning star it melts away in the glory of a new day.

My day was happy, and perchance
The coming night is full of stars.
—*Richard Dennys.*

A League of Nations Now?

The idea of a Peace League, as business men would say, is "already sold" among all classes in the Allied nations. It is only the carrying of it out that is giving concern. The question is no longer one of whether we shall create such a league but rather how and when. Nevertheless, it may be said that in the matter of public backing, the situation in Europe is almost exactly the opposite to what it is in the United States. In America, the intellectual classes and the leading officials in every community in the land are now ready to give their unqualified support to the League of Nations program, but the masses of America, though quite sympathetic, are more acquiescent than active in their support.

In England, France and Italy it is the people, I found, who look to the League for the salvation of the world after the war is over. I suppose the only great outstanding state papers that have appeared since the war began are the various addresses of the President of the United States and the war-aims program of the British Labor Party written by Sidney Webb. The British labor movement stands unswervingly for a League of Nations. Indeed, J. H. Thomas, M. P., the most influential labor leader of England, told me that British labor would stand to the last ditch for two things at the peace conference: First, to prevent an imperialistic peace, and second, to secure the establishment of a League of Nations. Mr. Henderson, secretary of the British Labor Party, said: "The League will keep before the eyes of all people the truth that peace is the greatest of human blessings," while John Hill, M. P., vice-president of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress, has said, "We have contributed the work and the life to carry on the war. We also can contribute the honesty and the purpose and the intelligence that devise international relationships after the war, wherein the common men of all nations shall go together as brothers."

In France, Professor Aullard, the greatest living authority on the French Revolution, said that already the idea of a League of Nations had become almost a religion with the poilus now fighting at the front. Albert Thomas, ex-minister of munitions, and probably the foremost French labor leader, says, "Our party is particularly attached to the idea of the League of Nations," while the French Socialists have replied to the Stockholm questionnaire to the effect, "At the foot of the treaty of peace will be the signatures of all the nations of the world. That treaty will be guaranteed by the Society of Nations."

In Italy, the Socialist parliamentary group has adopted a resolution which says:

> The Chamber, recognizing that the message of President Wilson to the Senate of the United States specifies the fundamental principles on the following basis of which negotiations should be concluded . . . proposing an organization of a superior force which will settle equitably international conflicts of a League of Nations which will make its verdicts respected . . . asks that the national government receive the proposals on its own initiative and resolutely to bring them to the notice of the Allied governments.

In England I discussed the league idea with the following intellectuals, literary men and radicals: H. G. Wells, whose last book, "In the Fourth Year: Anticipations of a World Peace," has made such a great impression; Louis Woolf, who wrote the brilliant report of the Fabian Society; Sir Sidney Olivier, one of the founders of the Fabian Society; A. E. Zimmern, author of "The Greek State," now attached to the Foreign Office; Lionel Curtis, author of "The Imperial Commonwealth"; Mr. Roberts, minister of labor; Sidney Webb, John Burns, Ramsay McDonald, etc. In France I consulted a dozen of the leading Socialists and intellectuals. I found they all agreed with the general purpose of the previous quotations.

I also discussed the matter with the various propaganda groups in the Allied countries. The English League of Nations Society is by all odds the most important organization in Europe and ranks with the American League to Enforce Peace in power and prestige. My fellow-traveler, Judge William H. Wadhams of New York, and I were given a dinner at the House of Commons by the chairman of the Executive Committee of the League of Nations Society, who had present to meet us the gentlemen who he said were most active in Parliament in the support of the League. They were Lord Shaw, president of the League of Nations Society, Lord Parmoor, the Bishop of Winchester, Lord Buckmaster, Lord Henry Cavendish Bentinck, Lord Francis, Lord Bryce, Aneurin Williams, M. P., J. Allen Baker, M. P., Noel Buxton, M. P., Sir James T. Agg-Gardner, J. W. Bullard, Major David Davies, M. P., D. R. Vereny, M. P., and Charles McCurdie, M. P.

All the propagandists and intellectual classes in all countries where I visited were as enthusiastic as the working classes, but I found the official classes more hesitant. No one was opposed to the League in theory, but I was almost universally met with such phrases as that "we must not go too far. We must be very careful not to attempt anything Utopian. Are we sure it is practicable?"

In one respect the official situation in England and in France is somewhat different. In England the governmental circles are waiting upon public opinion. In France the governmental circles are leading public opinion. In England their attitude is one of cautious inquiry as to what the league means and how it is to be organized. In France an official committee appointed by a former premier has prepared a program upon which it is hoped the French government will base any subsequent action it may take. The eminent international lawyer, Leon Bourgeois, is chairman of that committee. The French group is the ablest of all the groups in the various nations studying the plan.

Nevertheless, in spite of any hesitation on the part of the governing classes in England, France and Italy, it is certain, if anything can be certain, that our European Allies are ready to join the United States in establishing a world league. Not only are they ready, but what is perhaps the most important thing, they are ready to do so before the war ends.

The day I left England Mr. Barnes, member of the inner ministry of the British Cabinet, made a speech in which he said, "The beginning must be made before the war ends, or otherwise in the first flush of peace the world will fail through sheer exhaustion to make proper provision for the maintenance of peace." I

was told by those who should know that Mr. Barnes would never have made this statement without the consent of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Balfour.

The League of Nations Society has already officially declared, "There are various reasons why Great Britain and her present allies should proceed at once to promote among themselves the provisional framework of such a league."

The last words that were said to me as I left Paris by a man in the French government perhaps the best fitted to speak on the subject were, "I beg you to tell President Wilson to take the initiative in forming the League now." The reasons he gave me may be summarized as follows:

First, the union of the Allies now into a real league will make them more efficient in the prosecution of the war.

Second, now is the opportunity to realize the plan. As soon as the war is over conflicting interests will arise.

Third, there is now no system of settling conflicts between Allied states. The Franco-American treaty of September 14, 1914, should be extended to all Allied nations.

Fourth, the Allies must be united if they be winners at the peace conference. If they are not united Germany may be able to disassociate them.

Fifth, if the league is established at once the Allies will become a nucleus for the neutrals. For the principles established by the league will be a protection to their freedom and liberty.

Sixth, the league if established will be as a stimulant to the democratic ideals among the Central Powers.

I found that these are the convictions of practically every one in Europe with whom I discussed the league. In the United States I found that many members of the League to Enforce Peace hold similar views, but apparently our government feels that any conference of the nations at this moment would be sure to raise more questions than it could possibly settle. At all events, jealousy and competing interests would be likely to endanger the idea before it was born, and even if we did establish the league of the Allies now, the league would be identified not with peace, but with an offensive alliance against Germany, and hence if it should conceivably happen that the war should result in a tie, an Allied league now might actually prevent a peace being re-established on the basis of a League of all the Nations. President Poincairé assured me that any league to be established must have its foundation based on the broad principles of peace and not on aggression, as the recently formed *Mittel Europa* League does.

Thus arises a direct issue between our Allies and ourselves as to whether the League shall be formed now or after the war. There is much to be said on both sides, and the question is a very close one. But owing to the popularity of the United States in Europe, it is well nigh certain that President Wilson could frame any kind of a constitution for a League he thinks our people would support and it would be adopted by the Allies at this moment. Then, when the war is over, Germany could be taken in or not, according to whether she was sufficiently liberalized. On the whole, I should think it would be more advisable for the United States to join in establishing a real League now, based on the highest principles of justice, than to risk getting a half-way measure at the end of the war when conflicting interests may arise.

But whether the League is established now or later, it is certain that the United States and her Allies are converted to the idea, and the old days of international competition that prevailed before the war must soon give way to the new order of international co-operation. This means a League of Peace, supported by every available sanction, moral, economic and military. And such a league alone is worth all the sacrifices of the brave men whose blood has reddened the clay of Europe these four fateful years.

The Survey. *Hamilton Holt.**

OUR INCOMPLETENESS

Creation's Lord, we give Thee thanks
That this Thy world is incomplete;
That battle calls our marshalled ranks,
That work awaits our hands and feet;

That Thou hast not yet finished man,
That we are in the making still,—
As friends who share the Maker's plan,
As sons who know the Father's will.

Beyond the present sin and shame,
Wrong's bitter, cruel, scorching blight,
We see the beckoning vision flame,
The blessed kingdom of the Right.

What though the kingdom long delay,
And still with haughty foes must cope?
It gives us that for which to pray,
A field for toil and faith and hope.

Since what we choose is what we are,
And what we love we yet shall be,
The goal may ever shine afar,—
The will to win it makes us free.

—*William DeWitt Hyde.*

The Pacific Unitarian.

Woman Suffrage for India

The Indian Home Rule League has definitely ranged itself on the side of woman suffrage for India. At the last executive committee meeting of the league, held in Poona, the matter came up before the members and the following resolution was passed: "That the Indian Home Rule League interprets the word 'people' used in the Congress League Scheme as meaning women as well as men, and that it supports the recent All-Indian Woman's Deputation in the request they made to the Secretary of State on the subject of the position of women in relation to the coming political reforms." The All-Indian Women's Deputation to the Secretary of State request that when a franchise bill is drawn up, women be recognized as "people," and that it may be worded so as not to disqualify the female sex.

It may be that not only all Europe, but Asia, too, will win suffrage for women while the Senate of the United States is waiting for what it considers the right time to extend the franchise to American women.—*The Suffragist.*

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* The editor of *The Independent* was a pioneer in advertising the League of Nations; he raised the issue boldly the first weeks of the great war and was instrumental in launching the League to Enforce Peace. One of the chief purposes of his recent trip to Europe was to find out the present status of the idea in the minds of the peoples and government officials in England, France and Italy. In response to the request of the *Survey* he is here giving a report of the interesting and somewhat startling views he found there.—EDITOR, *Survey*.

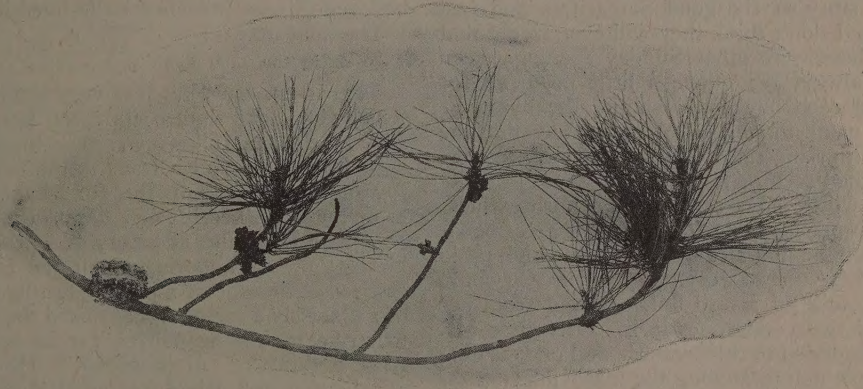
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Some Memories of the Summer

(For the Children of All Souls Sunday School)

October 6, 1918.

This was the day that Mr. Jones had been planning for all summer, the morning on which he was to begin with you the year's work in the Sunday School. You have all heard about the sorrow that came to us on Tower Hill, a sorrow which I know was felt in each one of your homes. It is not very easy for me to speak to you this morning, but this is a time when no one must say "I can not," for All Souls Church and All Souls Sunday School are just like one big family whose Father has been taken away, and all must stand together to do what they can to help the work along no matter how hard it is for them. We owe that to Mr. Jones from the smallest child to the oldest man or woman.



THE HUMMING BIRD'S NEST

The opening of the Sunday School was always a pleasure to him. He loved to come back to All Souls Church and Lincoln Centre and to tell the children some of the things that happened on his vacation in which he thought they would be interested. This year I think he would have liked to tell you of his long ride to Minneapolis over the wonderful Lincoln and Jefferson highways through Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota, with their fields of growing grain, large pastures and herds of cattle that he loved to look upon; and of the school houses from which the children came trooping—"A good school house," he said, "stamped the neighborhood as a worth while place to live in." He was constantly thinking of and working for the little ones, and the children knew their friend. How often on the streets he was hailed as "Santa Claus." He would stop and say, "Shake hands with Santa Claus, little one." On one of his spring vacations in the south a little girl who lived in the hotel where he was staying, was very sure that he was Santa Claus, so she asked him to send her a doll for the next Christmas, and when Christmas came Santa did not disappoint her. When we were in Holland walking one Sunday afternoon on the sand dunes a rosy cheeked little Dutch boy ran up to him and called out, "Santa Nicola!" This time it was "Shake hands with Santa Nicola" and they were friends at once.

In the home in Minneapolis to which we were going were three little children who loved him very dearly and when we came to within thirty miles of the city there they were with their parents waiting at the cross roads to meet him. How glad they were to see him and what a good time they had in that home while he visited them. We stayed there five days and then started for Tower Hill. The way led us through some very wild parts of Wisconsin where many of the big trees had been cut down. The land was still full of stumps and it needed hard work to clear a field where corn might grow. This reminded Mr. Jones of his early home when he lived in a log house in the deep woods. He remembered how his father and big brothers cut the trees down and prepared the fields for planting. He was a small boy then and one of his jobs was to hunt the cows. Near his home was a thick tamarack swamp and when it grew dusk he used sometimes to feel frightened and think that a wild cat might spring on him from one of these high trees, but I am very sure that he always brought the cows home.

He told us many stories of his boyhood as we drove along. There was no Sunday School in a big building with many teachers and a beautiful organ to help the singing such as you have here, but his mother used to gather the children around her on Sunday afternoons, in the woods in summer time, and talk to them about God and Jesus and duty. They would sing the old Welsh hymns together and learn a great many truths which helped them to be brave and good and gentle when they grew to be men and women. So this beautiful ride was made more wonderful every mile by the stories of the pioneer men and women who felled the forests, made the farms and built homes and schools and churches. Sometimes Indians used to come to that log house in the woods. One day an Indian came to the door. He was very tired and wet and hungry. Mr. Jones's mother invited him to come in, gave him a bowl of warm soup, and let him lie down and sleep by the fire all night. Early in the morning he went on his way but a few days later they found half a deer hung on the fence nearby; his gift in return for the kindness he had received. Many memories of these old days crowded to his mind as we rode on. Finally Tower Hill was reached, the summer home that he loved so well. He wrote many letters, and read a great deal. Sometimes he suffered much pain, but this he did not speak of. He watched the river, the trees and the birds as he sat on his porch. There are

many birds on Tower Hill, they feel safe there, no one disturbs them. The children are taught, as Emerson says, to "name them without a gun." There is a place where the indigo buntings sing, and the children have named it "Indigo Bunting Hill," they like to walk there in the evening; and sometimes ride to a pond not very far away known as "Blue Heron Pond" for there the blue herons may be found. On our porch this summer two robins had built their nest and Mr. Jones and two little boys who were with him a great deal used to watch the old birds feed the young ones until it was time for them to leave the nest and fly away.

I wish you could all have been with us one Sunday evening when these children asked him to tell them about Jesus. He drew them quite close to him and told them the story of the good Samaritan, and just what it meant. I don't think they will ever forget that evening, and there were other Sunday evenings when at vespers he always read them a little poem all for themselves and each boy could choose the hymn he loved best for us all to sing. Do you wonder that the children loved him and ran to tell him of any wonderful thing they had seen or heard?

One of these little boys came to him all breathless with excitement one morning for there was great news, he had found a humming birds' nest. It was high up in a pine tree but if you sat very, very quiet, you could watch this tiny mite of a bird flying to and from her nest which had two young ones in it. Of course Mr. Jones had to be guided to this treasure and one evening we spent a whole hour watching the many pilgrimages of this atom of a mother to and from her little home in the pine tree. A few days later the announcement went to the printer telling what the sermon topics were for October, and today he would have preached on the "Humming Birds' Nest." We can never hear that sermon now and all I can do is to hint at this story and show you the empty nest.

In the Sunday School you have learned about many good and great men and women who have lived their lives so faithfully that we want you to know all about them that you too may strive to bless the world. Some of these men and women lived centuries ago, and everything connected with them, every little simple story of what they did and said when they were on earth is very precious. But have you ever stopped to think and have your fathers and mothers ever told you what a great and good and brave man has been with us in All Souls Church for thirty-seven years; going in and out among us every day—meeting us on the street, in the cars, riding up or down with us in the elevator—speaking to us from this platform, and telling us as his mother used to tell him about God and Jesus and duty.

Do you remember that old hymn?

I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with Him then.

I wish that His hand had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

Dear children that is just what has really happened to you. You have seen the kind look on the face of this other good man —this follower of Jesus. Many of you have been held in his arms and blessed by him, dedicated forever as he christened you to the service of truth, beauty and love. Now, he too, has vanished from our sight, but I think his spirit lingers and will always stay with us as long as there is a wrong to be righted or a little child to be loved and guided.

I have been trying to think what two texts I would choose out of all the great texts you have learned and which Mr. Jones was so proud to have you say so well, as those which would best express his life and purpose and I think I would take these two:

"Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?"

That just means that every child—black, white or brown—from every race or land is God's child—brothers and sisters in their Father's world. Mr. Jones believed this, he preached it, he lived it.

The next text is:

"Walk by the inner light."

That is not easy, but it is very simple. The path on which that light shines will often be rough and very, very lonely, but following it even the darkness will be light about you, and it leads to the mountain peaks of joy and peace. I know this for I have lived very close to one who walked it every day to the end.

You all remember the story of Theodore Parker and his mother. Wandering about the farm one day he stopped at the side of a pond. Resting under the leaves of a plant lay a tortoise. He raised the stick in his hand to strike it, but he paused for he seemed to hear a voice within say, "It is wrong." He told his mother all about it and asked her what it meant. Her eyes were wet with tears as she answered, "That voice which you heard some men call conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen to it and obey it, it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right, but if you turn a deaf ear and disobey, it will fade out little by little and leave you in the dark."

Call it what you will, the "inner light" or "the voice of God in your own soul," it is the only light to walk by, the only voice to heed. Mr. Jones believed this, he preached it, he lived it.

Perhaps there is one other of your texts that we should think of in this connection. It is what I would call the text of the dutiful life, and he must often have said it in the silence of his own soul: "Speak, thy servant heareth." It might well have been on his lips that last evening, and had our ears been fine enough to catch the new note we might have heard just this answer, when God called him, and we went on bravely to the next task assigned him.

EDITH LLOYD JONES.

RECOGNITION

A sunset benediction
Re-said in afterglow—
A memory of the gladdest thing
That happened long ago—
A Prophet carried upward
In chariot of fire—
The morning stars together
Singing in holy choir—
All things to love belonging
In light made manifold—
And—just a maple passing
In autumn cloth of gold.

—*Jean Buchanan.*

Contemporary Verse.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE

The October meeting of the Parents' Association of Lincoln Centre was one of the sweetest memorial meetings that has been or will be held for Jenkin Lloyd Jones. In spite of the long climb to Emerson Hall, because the elevator was out of commission, there gathered—men and women, parents of the children who in one way or another come under the helpful influence of Lincoln Centre and to whom the death of Mr. Jones means a distinct loss.

It was a privilege to look into the sorrowing faces and tear-dimmed eyes of these parents of the Lincoln Centre children, to realize as we had never realized before what Mr. Jones had meant to them with his true democracy and real brotherhood. They were the neighbors grieving for the neighbor gone; they were the friends paying tribute to the great friend of them all; they were the parents regretting the absence of the friend and guide of their children. No tributes that will be paid would so delight the loving heart of Mr. Jones as these spontaneous tributes paid by the parents of the children of Lincoln Centre. O. C. S.

PROTECTION FOR NEGROES IN NORTH

Will the north ever do anything to protect the Negroes who live here? Will the men of family, position, and influence remain idle while insensate mobs, with vengefulness built upon ignorance and prejudice, take the lives of such poor creatures—country darkies for the most part, who are lured to the north on promise of good pay and humane treatment?

Born and raised in the south, I have been dumfounded, since living in the north, to find a strong prejudice here against the Negro as an individual. There is much word kindness for the Negro as a race, but I have found the Negro singularly lacking in personal friendship among the people of the north. Is that a general truth? Is my observation correct? There are new race troubles in East St. Louis.

Are there no men there of intelligence and well born enough to see that it is their duty to protect the more unfortunate and ignorant race? During the "Charles riots" in New Orleans some years ago, who was it armed themselves and individually and by companies and battalions defended the innocent Negroes of that city against mob violence? The very flower of New Orleans—the men of wealth, position, social standing and public influence. They were hooted at and cursed by the mob rabble; they were stoned and villified by women and men of the class with whom the Negro comes into competition as an industrial factor.

Yet these men held back the mobs, dominated them, and protected the innocent and terrorized Negroes from their would-be persecutors. Do you think I would have let anyone harm a hair of the head of my good old family servant—fat, good tempered and imperious old Aunt Mary? Not by a damned sight. And every man of respectability felt as I did and acted as I did. For the few criminal Negroes who commit the unnamable crime there is but one ending. But the vast majority of respectable, law-abiding and industrious Negroes of the south are as sure of protection from mob violence as they appear not to be in East St. Louis.

If the north must take Negroes from the south, if the north must offer them better wages, then the north must give them better social protection and see to it that the reputation for race prejudice is not picked up bodily and transferred across Mason and Dixon's line.

M. B. Trezevant.
Chicago Tribune.

OCTOBER

Forego the muse, I say,
And all the arts together!
Who would spend this day
Of Indian summer weather
Matching words to words?
When she might wander wide
And spend the day with birds
And watch the clouds ride.
All days will do for rhyme,
Pens and ink will last,
But asters lose their prime,
And autumn clouds go past.

—*Helen Hoyt.*
Contemporary Verse.

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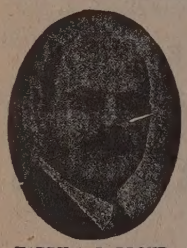

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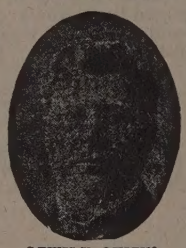

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